

MILLIONS IN WANT

INDIA'S GREAT FAMINE IS INCREASING.

An Entombed Pennsylvania Miner Writes a Letter to His Wife and Children Before Death Claims Him—Other Items of Interest.

Pottsville, Pa.: The body of William Galloway, fire boss at the Kaska William Mine of the Dodson Coal Company, who was entombed by the fall of coal on Dec. 17, was recovered Jan. 21. Before the body was found these words were discovered written on a sheet of iron on a brattice door, addressed to his wife:

"I think I am gone. Good-bye, Janie. Be good boys, Guy and Willie. I don't think you will see your father any more. I think this is Wednesday."

It is believed he lived but three days, his body lay prostrate in the chute.

WIPES OUT FOUR LIVES.

Catcher Bergen of Boston Ball Team Kills Family and Suicides.

North Brookfield, Mass.: Martin Bergen, catcher of the Boston baseball team of the National League, killed his wife and two children and committed suicide at his home. An axe was used in taking the life of Mrs. Bergen and one of the children, and a razor was employed to cut the throat of the other child and himself.

It is thought the action was due to insanity, as it had been suspected for some time that Bergen was a victim of mental derangement. His action in connection with his baseball managers last season led to the supposition at that time.

Neighbors found the body of Bergen and the little girl lying on the kitchen floor. Mrs. Bergen and the little boy were lying upon the floor in the bed chamber.

MILLIONS IN WANT.

India's Great Famine Increasing with Alarming Rapidity.

Calcutta: The council has considered the famine situation. The officials intimate the cost to the government of relief works, etc., to the end of March will be \$40,000,000. About 22,000,000 persons are now affected in British territory and about 27,000,000 in the native states.

Viceroy Lord Curzon says the famine area has expanded with surprising rapidity. About 3,250,000 people are already receiving relief. While in 1897 the world shared India's sorrow, and contributed hundreds of thousands of pounds toward the relief fund, the viceroy pointed out that India would now have to struggle alone.

DESPERADOES IN CHICAGO.

Crack Safe and Escape After Battle with Police.

Chicago: Three safe robbers bound and gagged the watchman at the picture frame factory of E. R. Clark & Co., 156 to 170 Mather Street, blew open the safe, and at the point of a revolver held off a police officer who intercepted them as they were leaving the factory, finally escaping after a running battle of nearly three-quarters of a mile. Other officers joined the chase and nearly fifty shots were fired, but no one was hit. The amount of money secured was small.

PLAGUE NOT CHECKED.

Fresh Outbreak of the Disease in Honolulu.

San Francisco: The steamer Doric has arrived from the orient, via Honolulu, and reports a fresh outbreak of the plague at Honolulu, six deaths having occurred between the departure of the steamer China and that of the Doric. This makes a total of twenty-eight deaths. It is understood there are twenty-six cases in hand. Honolulu's Chinatown is being burned and every effort is being made to stamp out the disease.

TRIED TO ASSASSINATE OTIS

Sensational Story Brought by a Passenger from Manila.

Chicago: A Victoria, B. C. special to the Record says: J. P. Molera, from Manila, says once when Gen. Otis appeared on the firing line an attempt was made by one of the American soldiers to shoot him, a bullet whizzing close to his head. The man who fired the shot was not discovered.

To Stop Highbinder War.

San Francisco: Through the influence of Consul Ho Yow, the Chinese Six Companies of this city has agreed to assist the police in terminating the highbinder war which has been raging in Chinatown for some time past. Last week the Six Companies subscribed \$17,500, which will be offered as a reward for the apprehension of the murderers. Chief of Police Biggy will guarantee the members of the Six Companies protection from the vengeance of the highbinders for the action they have taken.

Former Policeman Killed.

Kansas City, Mo.: John J. Kelly, formerly policeman, was shot in a saloon quarrel by Worth Bailey, a bartender, and he died before the police surgeon arrived. Bailey was arrested while on his way to the station to give himself up. The men had words over a bill which Bailey owed Kelly.

Advance Wages of Miners.

Plattsburg, N. Y.: The American Steel and Wire Company has advanced the wages of its employees in the iron mines at Crown Point, Essex County, N. Y., 10 per cent., to take effect at once. Two and one-half per cent. will be retained by the company and deposited as a benefit fund.

Ex-Congressman Phelps Dead. Essex, Conn.: Judge James Phelps died suddenly at his home here, aged 78 years. He served in the Fourth-fifth, Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh congresses.

STATE OF NEBRASKA

NEWS OF THE WEEK IN A CONDENSED FORM.

Secretary Hall of State Banking Board Issues a Statement of the Condition of the Various Institutions at Close of Business, Dec. 2.

Secretary Hall of the state banking board has issued a statement of the condition of the state banks of Nebraska at the close of business Dec. 2, 1899, showing an increase during the quarter of loans, overdrafts, bills discounted and bills payable and a decrease in capital stocks and deposits.

"These changes are to be expected at this time of the year," said Secretary Hall in commenting upon the condition of the banks as shown in the report. "In an agricultural state like Nebraska the winter season is the active season for money. During the winter season there is always a decrease of deposits and reserves and an increase of loans. The changes this year are less marked than usual, however, and our banks, as a rule, are running strong. The legal reserve carried is 33 per cent. The items, bills discounted and bills payable, when compared with the total business carried by the banks, show beyond question that the banks are pursuing a conservative course in the matter of borrowing. Prior to the panic these items were usually around or above the million-dollar mark at this season of the year.

"The total assets of the bank, as shown in the statement recently issued, amount to \$31,571,465.47, while last year they amounted to only \$28,158,007.32. This shows an increase in the volume of business transacted. A year ago the loans and discounts were \$17,609,214.57, as against over \$21,000,000 this year. There was an increase in deposits during the year of nearly \$3,500,000."

The report shows that during the quarter there was an increase in the following items:

Loans.....\$2,949,483.63

Overdrafts.....12,008.28

Bills discounted.....318,628.99

The decreases were as follows:

Capital stock.....103,706.00

Deposits.....1,242,459.07

Stocks, securities, judgments, claims, etc.....279,479.66

Due from national, state and private banks and bankers.....5,211,556.60

Banking house furniture and fixtures.....1,193,877.03

Other real estate.....816,971.70

Current expenses and taxes paid.....460,875.68

Premiums on bonds, etc.....2,456.46

Assets not otherwise enumerated.....124,185.61

Cash items.....56,573.00

Cash on hand.....1,909,445.99

United States bonds on hand.....28,700.00

Total.....\$31,571,465.47

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in.....\$1,180,485.00

Surplus fund.....940,835.00

Undivided profits.....1,311,815.35

Dividends unpaid.....10,818.69

General deposits.....21,666,111.12

Other liabilities.....1,855.54

Notes and bills rediscounted.....191,288.73

Bills payable.....268,760.04

Total.....\$31,571,465.47

RIOT AT CORTLAND SCHOOL

Teacher and the Pupils Mix It Up for Several Rounds.

A riot between the boys in the grammar room of the Cortland public school and the teacher, J. G. Ludlam, occurred Jan. 17 just after the morning recess. There has for weeks been bad feeling between teacher and pupils. It seemed to be understood that this was the day hostilities were to be declared. Fred Young, a 16 year old boy, had trouble with the teacher and a fight ensued. The scholar was badly whipped, first by the teacher's fist and later by a rawhide. Other scholars joined, as the teacher expected, but the pedagogues fought manfully and held his own with the aid of the rawhide. A number of patrons have withdrawn their children. Arrests may follow.

For Deserting Bride of a Day.

Orlie Mull was arrested at Concordia, Kan., on a telegram from Sheriff Simmering of Hastings, who will bring him back to answer to the charge of criminal assault and perjury. On Dec. 29 Mull brought Zena Soneie, a 15-year-old girl whose home is in Franklin County, to Hastings and procured a license and was married to her by County Judge Bowen. That night the couple were quartered at one of the hotels and the next day Mull left the city, deserting his young wife. The complaints were sworn out by the girl's father.

Switchman Guilty of Robbery.

The three Union Pacific switchmen charged with breaking into a car in the yards at Grand Island on the night of Jan. 4 and stealing \$100 worth of merchandise, were arraigned in court the other day. W. L. Johnson entered a plea of guilty and was bound over to the February term of the district court in \$800 bond. W. H. Brown and A. D. Mitchell were next arraigned, but entered no plea.

Burned by Gasoline.

There was a gasoline explosion in the basement of the Barker Hotel in Omaha the other day, in which B. J. Ball, the hotel engineer, was severely burned. He rushed into the burning apartment to make a hose coupling. His clothing was ignited and before the flames could be extinguished both hands and arms were badly singed.

Postoffice Station Robbed.

When the safe at postoffice station B, 1509 Park Avenue, Omaha, was opened a few mornings since \$294 was found missing. The safe had been robbed during the night.

Indians Run Away from School.

Columbus authorities were notified the other morning to be on the lookout for a number of young Indians who ran away from the Industrial School at Genoa. There is no dissatisfaction at the school, except that the young bucks cannot stand too close application to study.

Lost in Quicksand.

A. J. Donner, a trapper, has disappeared from Gothenburg and his friends believe he is lost in the quicksands of the Platte. Donner left home for a hunt and has not since been heard from.

NEARLY DECAPITATED.

Narrow Escape of Omaha Woman in Elevator Accident.

Miss Marcelle Drumm, 20 years of age, who is employed in the bindery of the Douglas-Waters printing establishment in Omaha, very nearly had her head cut off by a descending elevator. In a moment of absent-mindedness Miss Drumm approached the elevator shaft and leaned over a gate, which extends only a few feet above the second floor. The boy in charge of the elevator did not see the girl, but by some strange chance stopped the elevator as it grazed her head. Had the elevator descended a few more inches her head would have been severed from the body. As it was, her head was held in a vice until, warned by a shout from the other employees, the elevator boy reversed the lever of his machine and moved upward. A physician was summoned and after a brief examination said that he could not determine positively the nature of the injury. The young woman's neck is badly strained and there may be a fracture of the skull, but it is not thought likely.

EXPLOSION AT LINCOLN.

To Escape Certain Death an Employee Plunges Down a Well.

Three men and a boy were seriously but not fatally injured by the bursting of a boiler due in Lincoln. The explosion occurred in the boiler room of the foundry owned by George Downing, who was himself the most seriously injured. Mr. Downing, with Ed Deque, the fireman, and a man and boy of the neighborhood, were in the room when the blowing out of the flue caused the boiler to explode. The room was instantly filled with steam and boiling water, which struck Downing about the head and chest, so completely dazing him that he was unable to find the door and escape with the others. In desperation he plunged down a forty-foot well in the room, containing twenty-five feet of water, and kept floating by clinging to a pipe. Here he remained for several minutes, dodging the streams of boiling water that poured down the well from the floor of the boiler house. He was rescued by means of a rope and ladder and is now resting easy under the physician's care.

For Speaking to the Jailor.

Chief of Police Malone of Lincoln was in Grand Island the other day with a young man arrested at Scottsbluff, who is wanted on several charges. At Lincoln he is known as Charles Graham, but he registers as H. J. Smith. He is said to have operated in Nebraska since 1892, playing the deaf and dumb game, during which time more than a dozen women have been his victims. He is good looking. The fact that he was shamming was not known until he conversed freely with the jailer at Grand Island.

Calls It Wanton Murder.

Before Federal Judge Munger at Lincoln last week Attorney General Smith argued against the release of the Fort Crook soldiers who last November shot a deserting soldier. Answering the claims of the United States district attorney he maintained that there is no law authorizing the shooting of an escaped prisoner by soldiers. He also declared that the contention of Gov. Poynter, who ordered the arrest of the soldiers, that the killing was wanton murder, was the correct one.

State Firemen Meet.

The State Firemen's Association met at Norfolk last week. The sessions were instructive and well attended. The next convention will be held at Seward and the tournament at York. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. C. Hull, Fremont; first vice president, R. P. Hite, Grand Island; second vice president, J. W. Moist, York; secretary, E. A. Miller, Kearney; treasurer, G. N. Youngton, Minden.

Disease Among Cattle.

Gov. Poynter has received advice that a herd of cattle near Marsland, belonging to James Wood, and suffering from a "deadly contagious disease," were running at large. It is believed that the herd is the same one of which complaint was made from Hemingford, and which Dr. Peters says is suffering from "Texas itch." This, while a contagious disease, is not a dangerous one and can be eradicated by prompt and rigorous measures.

Lincoln Lawyer Shot.

Ernest C. Ames, a lawyer of Lincoln and a mining expert, was shot and dangerously wounded at Silver Crown mining camp, twenty miles north of Cheyenne, by Horace Adams, a prospector. George S. Clason filed on complaint lands which Ames claimed was the property of his father, and when Clason and Ames attempted to make an examination of the mines they were prevented by Adams, who used a pistol.

Nebraska Short Notes.

Howard County has paid off \$20,000 of its bonded debt.

The Woodmen of the World have organized a lodge at Ainsworth.

Winslow is tired of the operation of thieves and put on a night watch.

Bloomfield thinks it cannot get along another year without waterworks.

Stanton County gets 3 per cent. from the banks for county money on deposit.

The \$25,000 worth of North Platte school bonds were sold for a premium of \$301.

The north Nebraska teachers' meeting will convene in Wayne, March 28, 29 and 30.

The weather is so warm up in Brown County that the snakes have not gone into winter quarters.

A Fairbury man has retained a lawyer to secure an injunction to restrain the neighbors from kissing his wife.

Bartley people are raising money to build a town hall.

The general merchandise store of Frank Herse at Waverly was robbed of several hundred dollars' worth of goods. The thieves also smashed the cash register.

The school house at Bee burned with a loss of about \$1,400. The building was a new one, having been erected during the last year. The building was insured for \$800 and the fixtures for \$200.

Albion is to have a new opera house.

Eleven carloads of hogs bound for San Francisco went through North Platte lately. Within the last few weeks several large shipments of hogs have been made from Hall and Buffalo Counties to the San Francisco market, the price received there being such to justify the long shipment.

Mrs. A. L. Jones met with a very serious accident. She went to the barn to empty a pail of slop to the hogs, and her skirts became entangled in the lines of an old pitchfork without a handle, and she was thrown to the ground, one line of the fork passing nearly through the calf of her leg, inflicting a very painful wound.



CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

Two more weeks passed, and by that time Martin Ray had grown warmly attached to the man whom he would call "young Glen." Martin himself was ill—his health was fast failing; and he clung to the younger man, so full of health, strength, and vitality—only a chance acquaintance, but one of the few ties that bound him to the outer world.

One day Sir Basil, coming earlier than usual in the morning found him sitting by the ivy-covered wall, his face buried in his hands. When he raised it to greet him, the baronet saw plainly the traces of tears.

As usual, Martin was cynical, even about himself. "I am a very rueful looking patriot this morning," he said. "I have been ill all night, and I am alone."

Sir Basil glanced around. "Where is Miss Ray?" he asked. "My daughter is always busy about something or other; she has not much time to give to me. It was different once."

Sir Basil felt indignant. He knew that, no matter where Hettie might be, she was working for him, and for no one else. "I think," he said quietly, "that Miss Ray gives you all her time. I have never seen a daughter so devoted."

"She is very good," he allowed; and then he added abruptly, "I had another daughter once."

It seemed as though some irresistible power forced him to talk of Leah. It was the first time he had spoken of her since the day she had left him, and like pent-up waters suddenly let loose, his thoughts and feelings at once found vent. He rose from his seat and stretched his arms out toward the great heaving ocean.

"I made two idols," he continued. "The first was my wife—she died; the other was my daughter."

"Did she die also?" asked Sir Basil, pityingly.

"No; she is worse than dead—a thousand times worse than dead."

He swept over some green grass containing her grave, and he said, "I should be happier."

"Not dead?" said Sir Basil, wonderingly.

"No; she deserted me; she cast me off, much as you would throw away your old gloves. On the very day that I unfolded my plans to her a stranger came among us—a man related to my wife. He was rich—bail! how I hate to speak of him!—and he wanted to adopt my children. I refused his offer; he appealed to them. Ah, heaven, when I think of the scene! She, the daughter whom I loved best, left me and went to him, this stranger, and clung to him. 'Take me away,' she cried. 'I have been praying to heaven to send me a deliverer from this furnace of fire!' She went away with him, and I cursed her."

"And the other—Hettie—what did she do?"

"Ah, good, faithful Hettie, she came to me. I see the picture now, Glen. She put her arms around my neck. 'I will love you and serve you and be true to you until I die,' she said. And so we stood looking at each other. And the other two went away. Hettie and I have been alone ever since; we have never uttered her sister's name since the day she left us, and we never shall."

"I should hardly have thought that two sisters could have differed so greatly," remarked Sir Basil, quite unconscious that by his own words he was condemning the girl he had asked to be his wife.

He remembered the story when he saw Leah. So perfectly unconscious was he that she was the heroine of it that he had thought to himself how grandly Leah would have acted under the circumstances he felt that she, too, would have gone to her father's side and have stood by him against the whole world.

CHAPTER XII.

Hettie Ray was watching the amber light. The king of day was setting in royal splendor. Hettie, in her old seat by the ivy-covered wall, was tranquilly watching the lovely scene.

"How strange!" she said. "I was just thinking of you."

He longed to tell her that there was no moment, night or day, in which he was not thinking of her, but he restrained himself. He was there to say good-bye. He was on the brink; let him pause there, let him stand by her in silence for the last time and watch the waves breaking on the sands.

"I was thinking of you," repeated Hettie. "I know that you would come."

"I came to tell you something, Miss Ray," he said. "I know it will interest you. I am going away."

The western wind seemed to grow chill. Hettie's heart was heavy with pain and fear. He had been so much to her, and her life was so cheerless. She thought of her sick father and her hard work, of her joyless, loveless life that he had so suddenly brightened. She thought of the happiness that had been hers so short a time, and then, with a passionate burst of tears, she cried:

"Do not go away!"

"I must," he said briefly. "There is no choice left to me. I must go."

He saw the fair head bent until it rested on the ivy leaves. He was only human and he could bear no more. He drew closer to her.

"Hettie," he said—"let me call you Hettie for the first and last time—tell me, why do you shed these tears? Are they for me?"

"I am sorry you are going," she sobbed.

"Are you really so grieved as this?" he asked.

"Oh, Hettie, can it be true? What am I to you? Why should you care?"

"It is quite true that you are nothing to me, but you have been kind to me and my life is lonely."

"Hettie, I will tell you the truth," he said. "Strange that there should be a scene like this between us—who were strangers some weeks since—and you do not even know my name!"

"No," she said. "I have never heard it. My father always calls you Glen. It is regular, but in at first hour that we

talked together I felt as though I had known and trusted you all my life."

"I need never tell you my name, Hettie. We must part to-night, and we must never meet again. Do not cry, dear. It is harder for me than for you."

She clung to his arm, still weeping. He felt the quick beating of her heart, and he stopped yet another minute before he said the fatal words which must part them forever. He felt in that moment that, if this grief of hers were caused by him, he deserved any punishment.

"Hettie, listen to me, dear. How we drifted into this matters but little, whether I have been blind or careless matters less; the fault must be mine. I ought to have resisted the first temptation. After I had seen you that first time in church I ought never to have seen you again. My sense, my honor, my conscience, tell me so."

"But why?" she cried in amazement. "I do not understand you. Tell me why." "Because I am engaged to be married, because I am bound by the most solemn pledge; and because of this promise, I must go."

"Why?" she said in a faint low voice—"why must you go? If it be someone who loves you, and someone whom you love very much, surely she would be kind, and let you stay—at least, while my father is so ill. If he were well, it would all be different."

"Hettie," he said, "I will trust you as I have never trusted even my own heart yet. I will say to you what I have never admitted even to my own thoughts. I—ah, how shall I tell you? My engagement was less my own voluntary seeking than the consequence of circumstances. I can never explain. I did not understand the nature or the power of love—I know nothing of it; but she whom I am to marry loves me. Every arrangement is made for our marriage; and oh, Hettie, listen to me—she loves me, and if we were parted she would die. I must marry her; I am bound in honor and conscience. And let me tell you my mad folly. I have learned to love you. I do love you. I may say it for the first and last time of my life. I love you with the whole love of my life, with the one love of my manhood. I may live many years, but I shall never love any other woman. If heaven helps me, I will do my duty; but my happiness dies in the hour I leave you. Now you see that I must go."

Her head drooped until it lay upon his shoulder, and she whispered something there—words that were both life and death to him.

"Yes, you must go," she said; "I see it plainly. There is no help for it; you must go."

He wished that he were lying under the gray water, dead; the pain seemed greater than he could bear. Then her soft, whispered words came to him again.

"It will be the one dream, the one memory of my life," she said. "On the shore of this sweet southern sea I have lived and died. Do many people throw away their lives like this?"

"I cannot tell," he replied, drearily. "nor can I tell why Fate has treated us so cruelly. If I had been free when I met you, Hettie, you are the one woman in the world I should have chosen to be my wife."

"And I," she said, in a voice sweeter than the cooing of a dove—"I should have loved you."

"It seems to me," went on Sir Basil, "as though we stood on either side of an open grave."

"That which divides us is deeper than a grave," she said, with a slight shudder. "I shall never hear the sound of the waves again without thinking of this."

"Nor shall I. A man should be ashamed to confess cowardice; but I own to you, Hettie, I hardly know how to take up the burden of life again."

Then, as he was leaving her forever, the temptation became too great. He clasped his arm round her and gathered her to his heart. Once, twice, thrice he kissed her pale, sweet face, as one kisses the face of the best beloved before he leaves her. In silence then he put her away from him; in silence she sat where he had left her, and he went away over the great hill, which rose like a huge barrier between himself and that which was dearest to him on earth.

CHAPTER XIII.

The last autumn flower had died, and over the earth had fallen the white robe of winter. Sir Basil was busy with the coming election, his marriage and his estate. Leah was also engrossed in preparations; while the general rejoiced to see his niece so active and happy.

One morning the general came down full of bright plans and anticipations. It was one of the rules of the household at Brentwood that the letters should never be opened until after breakfast, the general's idea being that, if they contained bad news, it was better to delay it; if good, it would be the better for keeping. He took the bag in his hands, all unconscious that it held for him and for others a certain doom.

"We have numerous correspondents this morning," he said, turning out the contents.

Some of the letters contained invitations and news from friends; others were circulars and charitable appeals. At last the general came to one envelope that seemed to puzzle him. He looked at the postmark and saw the word "Southwood."

"Leah," he cried, "here is a strange thing—a letter from Southwood! That is the place by the sea, is it not?"

"Yes," she replied; "but I have never been there. I did not know that you had any correspondents in that part of the country, uncle."

"Nor did I," he said. "This letter is written by a lady, I am sure. It is an easy, elegant, flowing hand."

He opened the envelope, drew out the letter and read it. As he did so, all the color died from his face and the smile from his lips. He perused it slowly and carefully, then looked at Leah.

"This concerns you, Leah," he said. "It is written by your sister Hettie."

"By Hettie? My uncle, what is it? Tell me what it is about?" she cried, in distress.

"This letter is from Hettie; and she says that your father is very ill, and wishes to see you."

Leah clasped her hands in dismay. "Oh, uncle," she cried, "I had so nearly forgotten that terrible past, that dreadful life!"